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# ACTOR AND SERVANT.

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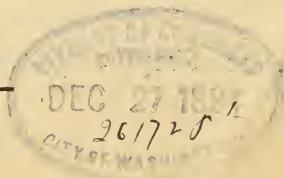
—BY—

**F. L. OUTLER,**

AUTHOR OF

Hans, the Dutch J. P.; Lost, or the Fruits of the Glass; Lodgings for Two; That Boy Sam; The Sham Professor; Old Pompey; Cuff's Luck; Wanted, a Husband; Happy Frank's Comic Song and Joke Book; The Musical Darkey; Pomp's Pranks; Seeing Bosting, Etc., Etc.

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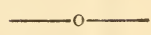
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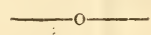
# ACTOR AND SERVANT.



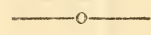
## CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.



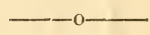
Smith,	-	-	-	-	an Actor.
Hans,	-	:	-	:	his Servant.



PROPERTIES.—Bundle for Hans, book, sword, cloak  
and mask for Smith.



COSTUMES—MODERN.



Time of representation — twenty-five minutes.

TMP 92-009007

# Actor and Servant.

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## ACT I:

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*SCENE.*—Plain room, chairs, table, etc. about stage. *Smith discovered seated in chair, L. C.*

*Smith.* Well, well, what is this world coming to? At this rate it won't be long until it will be impossible to get help at any price, and the help we get even now, are so elevated in their ideas of a servant's place, that it is almost impossible to put up with their ways. Why, the last man servant I employed actually had the impudence, to want to borrow my best suit, to go to see his dearly beloved Susan Jane. Just think of it! the rascal! But he got his just deserts—he left very suddenly on the toe of my boot, and I've had to wait on myself ever since. To be sure I've advertised in the Daily Dispatch, but as yet have not received any applications for the position. Bye the bye, I'll just run down to the office and see if there has been any applicants to-day. (*exit, L.*)

*Enter Hans slowly, R., looks around astonished.*

*Hans.* Vell off dot don't beat the deuce. I would have ust bet you von half dollar, dot I heard some feller a dalkin, but ven I got in here I don't see somedings. I vonder vere dot feller got do. I will ust look around a leedle. (*shouts*) Say, vere you vas? (*goes off L., shouts outside*) Hullo! Hullo! Dunder und blitzen, vere you got do?

*Enter Hans, L.*

—Vot kind of a bremlises vas dose? (*crosses, R.*) I dinks dere vas nopody to home. I vill look out dis vay. (*exit, R.*) Say—Hullo, better you stop dot business. Come out of dot.

*Enter Smith, L.*

*Smith.* Well, there's no use talking, I shall have to learn to wait on myself, there are no answers to my notice yet. (*sits, L. C.*)



*Hans.* (outside) Vell, I don't find somepody, vot kind of a peesness vos dot. (shouts) Say-y-y!

*Enter Hans, R.*

—Hullo dhe house! Say-y-y!

*Smith.* (jumping up) Here you scoundrel, what do you mean by such a racket? (shakes him) What in the name of common sense are you doing in here any way? (releases him)

*Hans.* (going, R. F.) Vell I dinks I vos found somepody after a vile.

*Smith.* You dutch rascal! (shakes him) Come, get out of this! (leads him L.) I'll learn you to come into a gentleman's house in this manner. (kicks him, Hans falls, Smith goes R.,

*Hans.* (getting up slowly) Vell, purty quick I dinks dot feller vos mat. Eh, vot you dinks?

*Smith.* You will think I'm mad, if you don't get out of here pretty sudden. (advances)

*Hans.* (frightened) Holt on! Holt on! Better you don't do dot some more dimes py shiminy gracious! I vos feel like a railroad gollision already.

*Smith.* What do you want in here anyway?

*Hans.* Oh dot vos so. I mos' forgot dot. Dot gollision, mos' made me forget dhe whole pizness. You see I vos lookin for a blace vere I could get somedings vot I could eat, und mine poard und lodgings.

*Smith.* Oh, that is it! Well my friend, you have got into the wrong house.

*Hans.* Nein, nein! You don't understand me. I wants a blace do stay.

*Smith.* Is it possible, that you have come in answer to my advertisement?

*Hans.* Eh? Vot is dot? I don't know myself, a feller dold me off I vos to come to dis house, dot I would find a barty vot wanted a small poy, vot could run errands, und eat, und sleep, und—

*Smith.* Oh I begin to understand, you have come to serve me.

*Hans.* Yah, yah, dots it.

*Smith.* (going, L. F.) Now, that is what I call good luck, just as I was about to despair of ever getting another servant, here's one steps right into my room, and I rather like his looks too. What I mean, is, he don't look like a man, that would want to wear his master's best Sunday suit, and he don't look like a lady's man, either. He does not talk very good English, and will probably make a good many blunders, but beggars can't be choosers, and I believe I will give him a trial. (to Hans) Well, my man, if you want a position as servant, and think you would like to work for me, I will give you a trial.

*Hans.* Vell dot vos all right, vot you van't me to do mit mineself?

*Smith.* Well your duties will not be hard, I just wish you to make yourself generally useful.

*Hans.* Yah, I does dot.

*Smith.* You see I am an actor by profession, and my business calls me

away from home a great deal, and when I am at home, I am obliged to do a great deal of rehearsing in order to keep up in my parts.

*Hans* Yah, yah, dot vos all right.

*Smith.* I am glad to hear it. I believe you and I will get along splendidly together. So just make yourself at home. (*aside*) I must look up the manuscript of that Thursday evening programme. (*exit, L.*)

*Hans.* I guess dot vos a pretty goot kind of a feller, but I don'd like dhe vay he shakes hands mit his foot dot time, by shiminy, dot boot vos harder as a couple off dutchmen. I vonder vere dey keep dhe stuff vot dhey eat n dis house, I tinks I vill look around a little. (*exit, R.*)

*Enter Smith, L., with book.*

*Smith.* It is strange I can't get that part in my head.

*Enter Hans, R.,*

*Smith.* (*reads from book*) "'Tis false, I defy him to prove it, and did I not defy him in his own castle and say, 'Come out thou scoundrel, come out I say, where art thou?'"

(*flourishing his arm, strikes Hans who falls back, c.*)

*Hans.* Oh, shiminy gracious!

*Smith.* (*still acting*) "Speak thou rascal, where art thou?"

*Hans.* Vell off you would ust look around a liddle, I tinks you would see me.

*Smith.* (*acting*) "And to think that my darling Matilda should have believed his falsehoods. The villian I will kill him!"

*Hans.* (*runs, R. F.*) Better you don't do it, off you do und I find it out by shiminy gracious off I don't break you in dwo pieces.

*Smith.* (*aloud*) So far I have it all right, now I must get a sword before I can proceed farther. (*exit, L.*)

*Hans.* (*wringing his hands*) Oh mine great shiminy! He vos gone after his sword! Vat shall I do! He vill stick me mit dot sword sure off I don't look a liddle ouet! I vish I got me a glub, I dinks I vill find me somedings. (*exit, R.*)

*Enter Smith, L., with sword.*

*Smith.* Now we are all ready to proceed. (*looks around*) I wonder what has become of man Friday. I presume he is looking over the premises. Well, I must to work again. (*looks in book*) Let me see, where did I leave off. Oh yes, now then I'll use this chair to represent my opponent. (*places chair, R. C.*) Now then, we are all ready. (*goes L.*)

*Enter Hans, cautiously R., sits in chair R. C.*

*Smith.* (*reads from book*) "At last I have thee, thou scum of the earth, draw and defend yourself." (*draws sword and charges upon Hans in chair, strikes at Hans in chair. General business for Hans dodging blows. Smith puts point of sword against Hans breast, and pushes him backward, turns*

*suddenly to the right and makes a few passes.)* Hold, sir! don't interfere, this is no quarrel of yours.

*Hans. (getting up slowly)* Vell vot you dalking apout? I don't got somedings to do mit dis fight mineself.

*Smith. (still acting)* "You lie you villian!"

*Hans.* Yah, I know dot I lies down here, und den I lies down dere.

*Smith. (acting)* "Then you too must die."

*Hans.* Not off dhe court house knows herself.

*(runs off R., and returns with club)*

*Smith. (still acting)* "Yes, surround me you villian!"

*Strikes in different directions, goes toward Hans who backs off, turns suddenly, Hans slips up behind him and strikes him with club, Smith falls.*

*Hans.* Dhere how you like him mineself, eh? I guess he don't vant any more, or he would get oop. I dinks he vos a leedle like dot feller, vot I knocked down den or fifeen dimes dhe oder day, und I dold him off he vant some more to ust come on, und he sait, no dank you I vos no hog I vos got a plendy. *(look at Smith)* I dinks he vos goin to dake a sleep. *(yawns)* I guess I do dot mineself. *(exit, R.)*

*Smith. (sits up, rubs his eye)* What does this mean? *(gets up)* I don't understand it. How came I down there? I don't remember. Perhaps Dutchy will know something about it. *(calls)* Oh, Dutchy, Dutchy! I wonder what his name is. I didn't think to ask him. *(calls)* Oh, Dutchy come here.

*Hans. (outside in the distance)* Holt on. Holt on. Dot vos all fun. I don't mean somedings. I vos—*(slap)*—Oh, my! Look ouet mit your foolishness. *(coming closer)* I dold you dot—*(slap)*—Holt on, I dakes it all pack. *(slap)* Oh, don't strike me in dhe stomach dot vay. *(sounds of several slaps)* Oh dunder, don't you do dot vay.

*(slaps—Hans comes rolling on stage, R., jumps up, runs L., looking back)*

*Smith.* What's the meaning of all this disturbance? Speak, sir.

*(shakes him)*

*Hans.* Vell, off you'll ust wait a minute, I'll explain.

*Smith. (releasing him)* Well, go on.

*Hans.* Haf you got a ghal what works down in dhe kitchen?

*Smith.* You must mean the cook.

*Hans.* I guess so. She gooked me. Vell I found her.

*Smith.* Well suppose you did find her, what has that got to do with all this row?

*Hans.* Vell, she ust looked so sweet, as she stood by dhe table a peelin onions, dot I thought I would kiss her a leedle ust for fun you know, ven great shiminy——

*Smith.* Well, what then?

*Hans.* Vell—say does dot side of mine face look like he'd been some where?

*Smith.* Well—*(laughs)*—your face does look a little strange, but go on—what happened?

*Hans.* Vell dot's vot puzzles me, but I dinks how an earthquake mus haf struck me, und I falls ofer mit mineself, und dhe slop pail, he got up



turned ofer, und den somedings vot weighed apout two thousand pounds must haf falled off dhe top shelf, und struck me on dhe back of dhe het, und den somedings dook me on one side of dhe het, und den on dhe other, und den I concluded dot I didn't pelong down dere any where, und I fought I would come pack.

*Smith.* Ha, ha, ha! And the girl, what did she do?

*Hans.* Dhe ghal? Vell, she vos right dere all dhe time, und ust as I got to dhe door, und vos going to come in, I got hit mit somedings, und dhe consequences vos I forgot to knock.

*Smith.* Well it was good enough for you. It will learn you to keep your proper place.

*Hans.* Dot's so. Off you would only find me a good blace, I ust bade you I vill sthay dere.

*Smith.* Well see that you do. (*exit Hans, L.*) That fellow isn't going to suit me, but how to get rid of him. (*studies*) That's what's the matter, that will start him. (*exit, R.*)

*Enter Hans, L., limping,*

*Hans.* Py gracions off dis dings keeps up mooch longer, I vill pe plack and plue from dhe crown of mine sole top, to dhe het of mine foot py shiminy. Better I vos haf dot peesiness sthoped. I lose more as ten pounds already. How vos dot? Vell I dole you, off dot ghal fools mit me some more dimes I would put a het off him so quick vot I can. (*gets club off L.*) Dot's dhe first dime I ever got whipped mit a voman, py gracious.

*Enter Smith as ghost, walks up close to Hans and groans, Hans runs, L. F.*

*Hans.* Donner vot vos dot? I don't know mineself, I vish I could get ouit, I dinks I wouldn't sthay long.

*Ghost.* (*in sepulchral tones*) The hour has come. (*rising right arm*)

*Hans.* (*jumping around*) Yah, I knows dot mineself. I vill see you again. (*starts to run R., ghost stops him*) I vos got to see a man down town. I vill see you again. (*ghost raises arm*) Look ouit mit your foolishness.

(*runs R., stumbles, falls, general business getting out, with ghost at his heels.*)

CURTAIN.

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4	Twain's Dodging, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3 1
5	When Women Weep, comedietta, 1 act, by J. N. Gotthold.....	3 2
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